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alternately flash off and on the object, and we catch ourselves losing our consciousness of it, and then returning to it. If the experiment be persevered in, it ultimates in a certain bewilderment and confusion of mind, as well as of vision ; and, during brief intervals, not only does the object cease to be visible, but the mind seems to go out. The simplest state of consciousness, therefore, of which we are susceptible has its dual elements—its Affirmation and its Negation ; and as all other states of consciousness, even the highest and most complex, are aggregates of such simple states ; and as the complex must retain the dual character of the simple, and, like the simple, must have its affirmative and negative elements, therefore Affirmation and Negation are the dual foundations of mental life, and the essential elements of all thought, feeling, emotion, and volition.

COTTAGE HYMNS.

BY WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

I. OUR COTTAGE.

My cottage dear, my cottage home,
 Around thee spread the greensward fields ;
 Then let my happy fancy roam,
 Such inward peace thy presence yields.

I cannot pine for learning's store ;
 Nor wealth, nor might, nor fame ask I.
 My palace is the opening door,
 Where softest falls the bending sky.

Afar, I feel thy gray roof shine,
 When hastening from the woods at eve ;
 A beam that draws time's firmest line
 For my "*sweet home*" ne'er will deceive.

Then give to men more roofs like this,
 Blest genius of domestic grace,
 And may their hours dance on in bliss,
 Like thoughtless youth, a buoyant race.

II. THE BELOVED.

In thy loving eyes I see
The rich landscape of the South;
And sweet Mercy's breath to me,
Murmurs from thy rosy mouth.

And thy steps light graces give,
Joys that tread upon the sky;
Softened virtues in thee live,
Such as in the angels lie.

III. OUR POVERTY.

Of our small store love we to give,
And share our want with those that need,
For who can grateful feel and live,
Unless his pains enrich his deed.

Gold may not purchase laughing health.
Nor joyful talk, nor passions calm;
And from our home I reap more wealth
Than in the alchemist's great charm.

Our simple tastes adorn the time,
And thankfulness feeds more than splendor;
A cheerful mind, a healthy prime,
Can more than short-lived falsehood render.

Our torches' flame the watchful stars,
Our carpets nodding reeds prepare,
Our banners — not the spoil of wars,
But green trees whispering to the air.

IV. FOREST HYMN.

Heavily, heavily falling,
Rushes to earth the tree,
Afar the echoes are calling
Thro' the forest to me, —
"When labor is o'er and daylight's done,
We shall be going at set of sun."

We have parted the strand that Time
Wove in his loom of air,
Interrupted the prime,
And severed the oaken hair,
Yet its ashes enrich the land again.
Time will deal so with you — careless men!

You, also, heavily falling
 Down to your bed of clay,
 While the tearful clods are calling
 To them in the house of day, —
 “As in the woodland crasheth the tree,
 So the tall trunks of humanity!”

V. CHILDREN'S DANCE.

Dance around the red wood-fire,
 Faster, as it rises higher;
 Dance and sing, a merry ring,
 While your life flies on the wing.

In your frantic merriment,
 Ye have taken to my tent,
 And the care-encircled brow,
 Smooths to feel your sunshine now.

As a warm wind feeds the flowers
 In the fresh-robed Spring's green hours,
 As the willows on the stream
 Dancing in their verdant dream,

So, small revellers, caress
 Me, with your light-heartedness.
 In our cheerful cottage-hall,
 Glorious is your festival.

VI. HYMN OF THE HEARTH.

This good I ask, — a humble mind
 That prizes God's perpetual care,
 A gratitude His mercies find
 Unsleeping, bent in reverent prayer.

For me, the heaped wood blissful sings
 Soft fancies to the frosty wind,
 And briskly raised, the keen axe rings,
 Tho' forests dark are left behind.

The flickering shadows dance and play
 Upon the dim, the twilight wall,
 And much romance endears the day
 That ventures in our cottage-hall.

The tale so light it charms the time,
 Some memory of a friend's kind deed,
 The summer of a warmer clime
 Within our glowing coals we read.

VII. ABSENCE.

My toiling feet o'erpass the rough hill's crest,
Surging its mighty billows far and near,
Yet onward must I, nor conceive my rest,
Till I have clomb that purple atmosphere
So faintly pictured on the horizon far,
Where day is sealed by eve's first crystal star.

Then, in a stranger's home I rest the night,
Nor list upon the sweet lips thy soft voice,
Repeat in eloquent numbers the delight
Which makes the thankful heart with love rejoice.
I see the wood-fire blaze, — O not for me;
I hear their joyful talk, — 'tis no society!

VIII. THE SUNSET.

To mark the Day sink calmly down,
While burning hills to shadows fade,
How deep are Nature's sympathies,
How soon her mute demands obeyed!

She braids the softening twilight's trees,
The gentle shade dissolves the light,
Her noiseless wheels all faintly roll,
Unheard the dewy dance of Night.

And view his western palace flame,
Where dwells the Prince of fruit and flower;
Our lowly aspects bound the pride,
The glories of his dying hour.

Who boasts his richer heritage?
Our cottage windows brave the west.
Who feasts his eyes on robes more rare?
We see day's Monarch drape for rest!

IX. STORM IN SHELTER.

Hear the wild, rushing blast!
And the sky is o'ercast
While the rain washes o'er
The brown fields of the fall,
And the bare trees whose pall
Frost is weaving once more!

Wail louder gray breeze
Thro' the murmuring trees,

Thou seem'st music for me,
 So sweet is my pleasure
 At hearing thy measure
 In the dear cottage lee.

On the green ocean-tide
 Where the mariners bide,
 There is death in thy rage.
 At home thou art lending
 Repose, and art sending
 Calm thoughts o'er my page.

X. EVENING LIGHTS.

From the lone night you take
 Part of the solitude away,
 And gleam above the brake
 With sheltering, hospitable ray.

Pale evening lights! man's soul,
 Thus in his solitary hour,
 Gleams forth and points the scroll
 Of an else darkened fate, with power.

I see your rays divide
 The ploughman's shelter, — near, his wife,
 Weaving, with ruthless pride,
 Fit emblems of the stoic life.

And all around is still!
 Save the low phantom of day's sound;
 You kindly mark the vanished hill,
 You scatter ruby hopes around.

XI. HOPE FOR SONG.

Come to me, once again, sweet power,
 Pour from my mind the stream of song,
 And dress life's transitory hour
 In during fabrics rich and strong.

As thro' the trees some roaming gale
 With fitful murmurs bends the soul,
 As onward drives the snow-white sail,
 Yet in the mariner's control,

Thus, spirit that in waking dreams
 Fills with its harmony the day,
 Arise and light with kindling beams
 The hopeful music of my lay.

XII. THE DREAM.

I dreamed the summer wind blew cold;
I dreamed that youth and age were vain, —
That I was young, who now am old,
When spring nor hope will bloom again.

In nature's secret some are blest;
From time's strange lesson should I learn,
If old myself, there's youth imprest
On fresher hearts, to pulse and burn.

A few, short years and I shall be
Where all I loved has sunk to sleep, —
In Nature's arms, fit company
For careless Ages, buried deep.

If those we trust desert their trust,
If those we love despise and wound,
To-morrow we are formless dust,
Swept like the dry leaves off the ground.

HEGEL ON ROMANTIC ART.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE SECOND PART OF THE *ÆSTHETIK*.]

BY WM. M. BRYANT.

III. Destruction of the Romantic Form of Art.

The final point which still remains to be established is : That as the Romantic has already proven to be essentially the principle of the dissolution of the Classic Ideal, so now it permits this dissolution to stand forth in fact clearly *as dissolution*.

The first thing which here presents itself for consideration is the complete accidentality and externality of the material which the artistic activity seizes, and to which it gives form. In the plastic character of Classic Art the subjective inner nature so permeates the external that the latter is the exclusive form of the internal, and cannot be separated from it as an independent term. In the Romantic, on the contrary, where internality withdraws itself into itself, the entire content of the